

APRIL

BLUE BOLT

10¢

VOL. 7 — NO. 11



BLUE BOLT



WEB COMIC
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BLUE BOLT FLASHES

The Editors Write:

Dear Readers:

Many of you have written in to tell us how much you like "Dick Cole." This is always good news to those who team up to produce the story.

One reason why "Dick Cole" stands out over other strips is that you never know what's coming from month to month. There's lots of variety in plots. There are many different characters, who take turns in appearing on our pages. The scene of Dick's adventures changes frequently. You do not see Dick and his friends doing the same things in each new issue.

Seasons are considered, too, especially in respect to sports. We anticipate the time of year when the various editions of the magazine will reach you. We schedule sports stories accordingly. It really wouldn't make sense to have Farr and Holden playing a baseball game when, outside your window, the snowdrifts are piled high.

We have many other factors to consider. We want to play our game where, when, and how it should be played. That goes for Dick and all he represents.

Don't hesitate to send us any comments you may want to make on the subject of "Dick Cole" and other stories in BLUE BOLT. We are always on the lookout for any helpful hint that will make for a better magazine.

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I cannot claim to be a regular reader, as I only receive odd copies from friends in the United States. I find BLUE BOLT far more interesting than anything published over here, and look forward to the time when I shall be able to purchase my copy at the bookstall. Certainly by the time it arrives this distance it is many months old, but that does not in any way detract from the pleasure it gives.

"Dick Cole," "Sergeant Spook" and "Blue Bolt the American" are my favorites, and I hope to meet up with them again, the next time BLUE BOLT comes my way.

Should you see fit to publish my letter I would be glad if you would print my full name and address, as I should like to hear from other readers of my own age. I am fifteen years old.

Yours sincerely,
Donald McKernan, Jr.
Glasgow, Scotland

We are happy to publish your fine letter, Donald. How about some of you other readers dropping a line to Donald at 74 Ardgowan St., Glasgow, C5.

Dear Editors:

It's just a matter of opinion, but I think your comic book, BLUE BOLT, is the best I have read yet. I especially like your questions and answers at the bottom of each page. They are not only interesting, but also educational.

I also think "Dick Cole" and "Fearless Fellers" are swell. Keep up the good entertainment.

Sincerely,
Joan McGrath
Newark, N. J.

Thanks for the good opinion, Joan. We hope you'll keep it as hot as BLUE BOLT is concerned.

Dear Editors:

After a hard day at school I find a mild but stimulating recreation in BLUE BOLT comics. Dick Cole makes an ideal hero for a schoolboy. He is the kind of fellow who always comes through.

Sincerely,
George H. Esselmann, Jr.
Louisville, Ky.

Glad you like Dick Cole, George. Dick's due to come up with many more thrilling adventures.

Dear Editors:

I have been reading BLUE BOLT comics as far back as I can remember. My favorite characters are Blue Bolt, Dick Cole, Sergeant Spook, and the Fearless Fellers. I wish you would let Jerry in "Sergeant Spook" get out of some jams himself, without Sergeant Spook's help. My mother and big sister especially like "Dick Cole" and the Q's and A's. "Krisks and Jasper" is also swell.

Yours truly,
Robert Haskins
Middletown, N. Y.

Jerry and Spook usually work things out together, Robert. But we might try to see what will happen if, let's say, Spook is busy elsewhere when Jerry gets into a jam. Jerry has had lots of practice. Maybe he'll be able to get out of the jam all by himself.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I think your magazine is educational, especially where Edison Bell and his inventions are concerned. He makes things that almost every American boy would love to try to make. I know, for I have tried some of his inventions, and they turned out fairly well. "Dick Cole" and "Fearless Fellers" are pretty good, too.

I think the editors and the artists are putting out a grand comic magazine for both the older and younger generations.

A faithful reader,
Charles Monroe
Indianapolis, Ind.

We hope that BLUE BOLT will continue to generate plenty of interest, Charles.

* * *

Dear Editors:

When I read my first BLUE BOLT comic I really enjoyed it. I was wondering if there could be a page for pen pals, so boys and girls could get acquainted by letters.

Yours truly,
Ann Comar
Port Hope, Ont.

Sorry, Ann, but we don't have room for a pen-pal page. No doubt other readers, however, will be interested to learn that your address is 43 Hope St., Port Hope.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

DICK COLE



ART BY JIM WILCOX

MAJOR FARR HAS SUMMONED DICK COLE, SIMBA, KARNO, SLIPRY, BARK HALL, AND JED JAXON TO HIS STUDY FOR A LAST-MINUTE WORD BEFORE THE CADETS GO ON A NIGHT HIKE IN THE HIGH HILLS TO THE NORTH OF FARR MILITARY ACADEMY.

AS YOU KNOW, THE ARMY HAS RELEASED CERTAIN SECRET WAR-TIME DEVICES TO THE ACADEMY. ON THIS HIKE, YOU WILL TEST TWO OF THEM, THE SNOOPERSCOPE AND THE HYDRO-EXPLOSIVE. I WANT YOU TO REPORT WHETHER OR NOT THEY CAN BE USED IN OUR TRAINING PROGRAM.

CADET COLE, YOU ARE IN CHARGE OF THE PROGRAM. I WANT YOU TO BE CAREFUL OF THE HYDRO-EXPLOSIVE. IT DETONATES ON CONTACT WITH WATER AND IS VERY POWERFUL.



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor; Mel Gumm, Art Director; Helen Delp Schmid, Associate Editor; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant
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THE SNOOPERSCOPE, HOWEVER, IS DANGEROUS ONLY TO THE ENEMY. ITS INGENUOUS USE OF THE INFRARED RAY ENABLES SOLDIERS TO SEE AS WELL AT NIGHT AS IN DAYLIGHT.



CLEVER GADGET, EH, DICK? I HEAR IT WAS A GREAT HELP ON OKINAWA.

IT'S TIME TO START. REPORT TO ME TOMORROW AT ASSEMBLY. DISMISSED!



OUTSIDE, THE CADETS PICK UP THEIR FIELD EQUIPMENT AND SET OUT FOR THE HILLS.



NIGHT IS FALLING AS THEY SET UP CAMP IN THE HILLS.

IT'S GETTING DARK FAST. WHERE'S THE SNOOPERSCOPE, SIMBA?

BARK HALL TOOK IT. HE'S OVER THERE, PROWLING AROUND LIKE A KID WITH A NEW TOY.



HEY, BARK, WHERE ARE YOU? BETTER NOT GO TOO FAR. IT'LL BE DARK AS PITCH SOON, AND YOU'LL GET LOST.

NOT WITH THE SNOOPERSCOPE. I WON'T. C'MERE, I'LL SHOW YOU GUYS SOMETHING.

LOOK OVER THERE. I BET YOU TWO CAN'T READ THAT SIGN... YET I CAN MAKE OUT EVERY WORD.

SIGN? I CAN'T SEE A SIGN. LET ALONE READ IT!

ME EITHER! WHERE IS IT, BARK? WHAT DOES IT SAY?



QUESTION No. 1. Do infrared rays lie below or above the visible spectrum?

IT READS, "NO FIRES, NO DEER HUNTING ALLOWED. STATE CONSERVATION COMMISSION." OMON, I'LL PROVE IT TO YOU.



BY GOLLY, BARK YOU WERENT KIDDING US!



'NO FIRES' E-H? WHAT'S THAT OVER THERE?

FELLOWS, THAT'S A FIRE, AND A MENACE IN THESE DRY WOODS. WE BETTER GO OVER AND TELL THEM THE RULES. LET'S GO!



AS THE BOYS NEAR THE FIRE..

OH, BOY! WE WON'T BE WELCOME... THAT'S BULL ROSS AND HIS POOL ROOM KRALES FROM CENTERVIEW.

WELCOME OR NOT, WE'LL TELL 'EM, BARK, OMON!

KEY, BULL, LOOKIT! TOY SOLDIERS IN PERSON! SIT DOWN AND MAKE YOURSELVES HOMELY.

SKIP THE WISCRACKS! BULL, PUT OUT THAT FIRE ...IT'S ILLEGAL AND IT'S DANGEROUS.

WHY YOU PIP-SQUEAK, GIVIN' ME ORDERS! I'ROKIN' YOU IN THE SNOOT COULD BE ILLEGAL, BUT I'M GOIN' TO DO IT!



BULL ROSS CHARGES DICK WHILE THE REST OF THE POOL ROOM BOYS SIT BACK TO ENJOY THE FIGHT.



TSK-TSK! CAREFUL, BULL, YOU'LL BREAK SOME BONES INSTEAD OF THE LAW.

They lie just below the red end of the visible spectrum. 100% A

BULL'S PALS, AGHAST AT THE DOWNFALL OF THEIR IDOL, MAKE NO MOVE TO ATTACK THE CADETS.

WELL, I'LL BE #81A!
GOSH! HE LICKED BULL!



NOW, I WANT THAT FIRE OUT! THROW SOME DIRT ON IT, CHUMS!

OKAY, OKAY. WE WUZ GONNA PUT IT OUT... HONEST!



SOON THE FIRE IS EXTINGUISHED AND...

SO LONG, BULL. WE AREN'T ASKING WHY YOU'RE HERE. BUT I'LL BET IT ISN'T JUST TO COMMUNE WITH OLD MOTHER NATURE.

I SLIPPED, BUT NEXT TIME YOU GET YOURS! YOU'LL SEE!



THE CADETS RETURN TO THEIR OWN CAMP.

JED AND SIMBA HAVE HIT THE SACK. HO-HUM... THAT'S FOR ME.

IT'S PITCH DARK NOW... I'D LIKE TO TRY THE SNOOPER-SCOPE.

HERE IT IS, COLE. I'M HITTING THE WAY, PRONTO.



SOON DICK IS TRYING OUT THE SNOOPERSCOPE.

THIS IS WONDERFUL! EVERYTHING IS TINTED GREEN, BUT ABSOLUTELY CLEAR! HEY! WHAT'S THAT? LIGHT FLASHING OFF AND ON! MAYBE SOMEONE IS IN TROUBLE... I'LL TAKE A LOOK-SEE.



DICK ADVANCES TO A KNOLL AND AGAIN SIGHTS THROUGH THE 'SCOPE.

IF THERE'S ANY DEER AROUND, THIS OUGHT TO FETCH 'EM FOR A DEAD SHOT!

HOLY COW! BULL'S JACKING DEER! IT'S NOT SPORT TO LURE THEM TO THEIR DEATH. IT'S SLAUGHTER!





KEEN KNIVES SLASH THE GUY ROPES AND THE POP TENTS COLLAPSE.



DICK AND SIMBA ARE FIRST TO EMERGE.



AND IN A FEW MINUTES.



BULL'S CAMP IS SOMEWHERE OVER THERE. WE'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM BEFORE HE KILLS HIMSELF! LET'S GO! LINE OF SKIRMISHERS...GUIDE RIGHT...EE-YO!



THE CADETS SPEED AFTER BULL AND HIS PALS. SOON THE ROUGH TERRAIN AND UNCERTAIN LIGHT SEPARATE ALL BUT SLIPRY AND DICK, WHO SUDDENLY COME UPON BULL ON THE BANKS OF THE FARR RIVER... AND..

DICK MAKES A FLYING TACKLE.



BUT BULL'S PALS MAKE A SURPRISE ATTACK...



SEVERAL
MINUTES
LATER.

THE OTHER
GUYS OUT. LETS
GIVE THIS ONE
A ROUGH
GOIN' OVER,
BULL.

THAT'D BE A
FINE REWARD
FOR SAVING YOUR
LIFE, BULL. I
SHOULD'VE LET
YOU KEEP THE
HYDRO-EXPLOSIVE!

IF I HAD YOU'D
BE SCATTERED
OVER THE LAND-
SCAPE AS SOON
AS WATER
SOAKED INTO
THE BOX!

HUH! YOU BELIEVE
THAT? WELL, I DON'T
AND I'M GONNA PUT
YOUR UNCONSCIOUS
PAL AND THE
BOX ON THAT
RAFT AND SET
'EM ADRIFT!



BUT YOU
CANT, BULL!
IT'S MURDER!
SLIPRY NEVER
HURT YOU!

STILL TRYIN' TO
SCARE ME, EH? BOSH!
THERE AIN'T NOthin'
TO THAT HIGH-SOUNDIN'
HYDRO-YOU-CALL-IT.

BULL'S PALS HOLD DICK, WHILE BULL
PLACES SLIPRY AND THE BOX ON THE
RAFT, AND SHOVES IT FROM SHORE.



OFF YOU GO. YOU'LL HIT
THE RAPIDS IN A BIT..THE
WATER'LL SPLASH OVER THE
RAFT, SOAK THE BOX AND
THEN...NOTHIN' HAPPENS!
TRY TO SCARE BULL
ROSS, EH? HA-
HA-HA!

GOOD IDEA
BULL. I MIGHT
AS WELL EAT
SINCE I CANT
HELP SLIPRY.

WHILE WE'RE
WAITIN' FOR THE
FIREWORKS, HA! HA!
YOU CAN JOIN THE
BOYS IN BUILDIN' A
FIRE, COLE. WE'LL
EAT SOME OF THE
GRUB WE SWIPED
FROM YOU THIS A.M.!

BUILD A FIRE? THAT
GIVES ME AN IDEA! MAYBE
I CAN PUT THE BLANK
CARTRIDGES IN MY
POCKET TO GOOD
USE!

A FIRE IS SOON BUILT,
AND AS THE FLAMES LEAP
UP, DICK, UNOBSERVED, CHUCKS
SOME BLANK CARTRIDGES INTO
THE FLAMES. HE STEPS AWAY.
AND...





HIT FOR COVER, QUICK! SOMEBODY'S GONE GUN-CRAZY AND IS SHOOTIN' MIGHTY CLOSE!

HALP!

BANG!
ZING
BANG!
BANG!



IN THE CONFUSION, DICK ESCAPES AND RACES TO THE RIVER BANK.

GOOD GRIEF! THE RAFT IS CLOSE TO THE RAPIDS! SLIPRY IS A GONER UNLESS...HOORAY! THERE ARE TWO CANOES!



WHAT A BREAK! BULL AND HIS PALS MUST'VE COME HERE IN THESE CANOES.



HEY, BULL! THEY AIN'T SHOOTIN' NO MORE!

WHAT TH--! WHERE'S COLE?

THERE HE GOES, BULL, IN ONE OF OUR CANOES!



THEY PADDLE FURIOUSLY AFTER DICK.

COLE MUSTA TRICKED US SOMEHOW!

YEAH! THEN HE STEALS OUR CANOE! WE'LL CATCH HIM, AND THIS TIME I'LL PULVERIZE TH' PUNK!



GOSH! HERE THEY COME! THREE AGAINST ONE! THEY'RE SURE TO OVERTAKE ME BEFORE I REACH SLIPRY!

AND SOON.



PLATTEN HIM WHEN WE GET ALONGSIDE, BULL.

YOU AIN'T REACHIN' YER PAL THIS TIME, DOPE, SO EASE UP!

I'M LICKED... DON'T HURT ME, BULL. I SURRENDER!



AS BULL COMES ALONGSIDE AND REACHES FOR DICK...



AS BULL FALLS BACK, DICK RADDLES SWIFTLY AWAY.

ON THE RAFT, DICK SCOOPS UP THE EXPLOSIVE AND FLINGS IT AWAY.

VROOM! IT DETONATES IN THE WATER NEAR BULL'S CANOE!



THE BLAST BRINGS SLIP'RY TO.

AND SOON AN AQUIACADE IS HEADING FOR THE SHORE.



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MERKIN GERKIN

by B.G. Guth

YES, MA'AM, TEN
CENTS, DAT'S
ALL

MY, THAT'S
REASONABLE FOR
PRESSING CLOTHES.
HERE
THEY ARE.



IMAGINE THAT!
I FOUND SOMEONE
WHO DRESSES CLOTHES
FOR 10 CENTS.

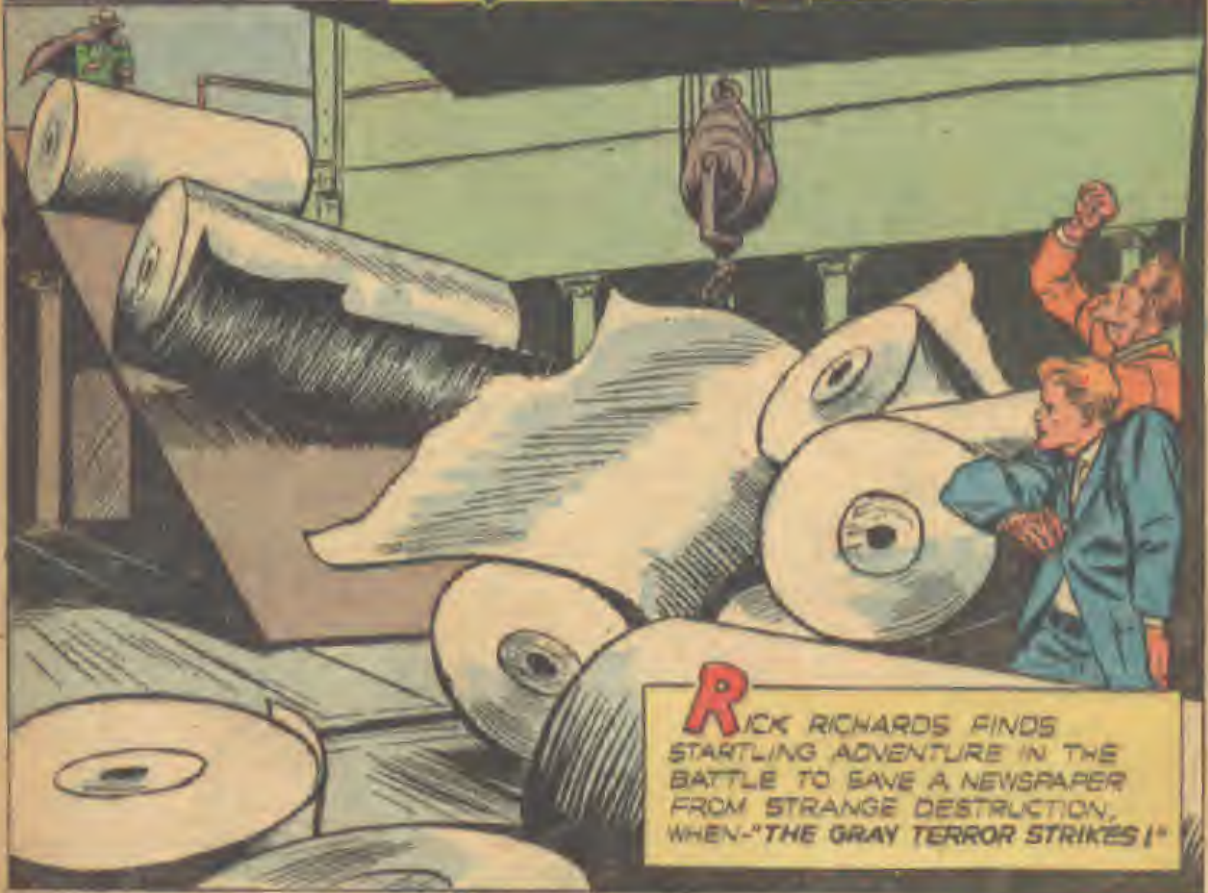
ME TOO. I GAVE
THE KID
MY
SUIT.

I THINK
THE TAILOR
SHOP IS DOWN
THE STREET.

MAYBE
OUR CLOTHES
ARE READY.



Rick Richards



RICK ANSWERS AN APPEAL FROM AN OLD FRIEND, BUCK OWARA, PUBLISHER OF THE "ROCK CITY DAILY STAR."

SEE WHAT A KICK IN THE PANTS OUR AD SECTION'S TAKING SINCE THE GRAY TERROR WENT INTO ACTION!

"GRAY TERROR"? SOUNDS PRETTY CORNY!

MAYBE... BUT YOU'LL SEE HE REALLY IS A TERROR!



BLUE BOLT



HE WAS BUSY LAST NIGHT! MERCHANTS ALL GET THIS TREATMENT IF THEY ADVERTISE IN MY PAPER! I'LL BE BROKE SOON!



WHAT STARTED THIS CHARACTER?

THE PAPERS CRUSADING TO MAKE OSCAR SIMPER SELL HIS LAKE... THE ONLY POSSIBLE SPOT FOR THE KIDS OF THE CITY TO SWIM! THE TERROR IS TRYING TO MAKE ME DROP THE CAMPAIGN!



STRANGE! WHY SHOULD ANYONE RUN A TEMPERATURE ABOUT KIDS HAVING A SWIMMING HOLE?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I'M NOT GIVING IN! LOOK AT TODAY'S EDITORIAL!



"SILLY SABOTAGE WHILE OSCAR SIMPER, OSTRICH FANCIER, BURIES HIS HEAD... THE GRAY TERROR IS A RIDICULOUS COWARD..." Hmm... THAT OUGHT TO BURN HIM UP!

I HOPE SO!

BETTER BE CAREFUL, THOUGH! YOUR PAL MAY BE ON THE WARPATH NOW!

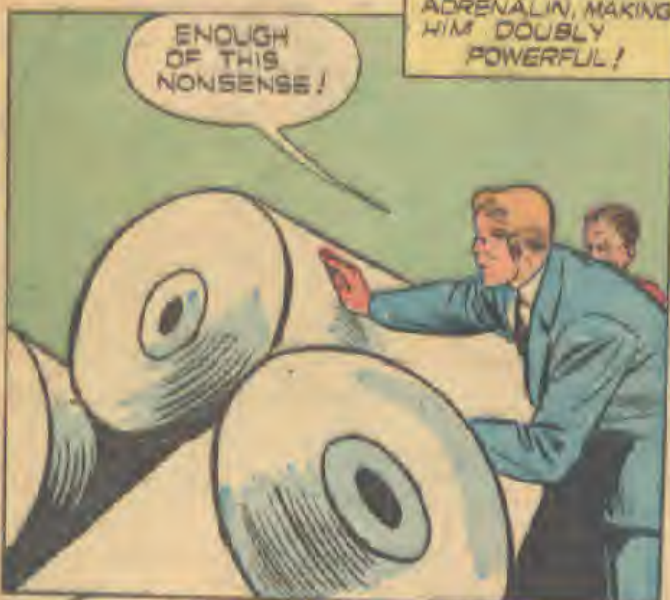


HEAR THAT? SOMEONE'S IN THE SUPPLY ROOM... AND IT'S NOT AN EMPLOYEE!

THUMP!

QUESTION No. 5. What is the freezing point of water tested by the Fahrenheit scale?





QUESTION No. 6. A phase of what great revolution was called the Terror?



CALL YOURSELF THE BLACK TERROR NOW!



HI, RUGGED! I'VE GOT A FEW CRACKED RIBS, BUT IT'S WORTH IT, JUST TO FOIL THAT RAT!



I HOPE TO TRAIL HIM BY THE INK SLOTTCHES!

BE CAREFUL, RICK! HE'S A CLEVER KILLER!



THE GUY CREEPS UP ALLEYS LIKE A CAT... NO WONDER HE'S NEVER SEEN!

THE TORTUOUS TRAIL LEADS TO A LARGE MANSION!



AH! I'LL HAVE A LITTLE CHAT WITH OSCAR ... OR SHOULD I CALL HIM THE GRAY TERROR?

OSCAR
SIMPER
PRIVATE



SOON...

YES, I'M OSCAR SIMPER! HERE'S MY NIECE, LAURA, AND THERE'S THE DOOR!



I TRAILED THE GRAY TERROR HERE, SIMPER! I'M NOT USING THE EXIT UNTIL I LEAVE WITH HIM!

WHAT! YOU DARE THREATEN ME?

WE SIMPERS ARE ALWAYS BEING FALSELY ACCUSED! MY GRANDFATHER... A BANK PRESIDENT... WAS SUSPECTED OF STEALING A MILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD! YET WHAT HAPPENED?



ON GRANDPA'S DEATH A CAREFUL AUDIT PROVED ALL HIS POSSESSIONS WERE HONESTLY EARNED!



FORGET THE ANCIENT HISTORY OSCAR! THE QUESTION FOR TODAY IS... WHO IS THE GRAY TERROR ... AND WHY?

I DON'T KNOW! ALL I WANT IS TO RAISE OSTRICHES AND BE LET ALONE!



THEN WHY NOT GIVE UP THE LAKE ... WHICH YOU NEVER USE ... FOR KIDS WHO NEED IT?

TO LIKE TO! BUT LOOK!



HMMM... SO HE'S GOT YOU SCARED, TOO!

FRANKLY ... YES!



DOGSONE! I'M STUMPED!

LET'S COOL OFF BY SEEING IF THE LAKE WOULD MAKE A GOOD SWIMMING HOLE!



SOON...

THANKS FOR THE SWIMMING TRUNKS!

FIND THE GRAY TERROR AND YOU CAN KEEP 'EM!







OF COURSE! I WAS TRYING TO SHUT UP THAT NEWSPAPER... IF BRATS HAD TAKEN OVER HERE, I'D NEVER BEEN ABLE TO SALVAGE THE GOLD!



I'LL LIVE LIKE A KING FROM NOW ON! I'VE TAKEN ENOUGH FROM THE LAKE!



Q QUESTION No. 8. Glen Gray is an orchestra leader. What is the name of his orchestra?

AS THE WET ROPE DRIES, IT SHRINKS... YOU'LL HAVE A SLOW, CHOKING DEATH AS IT TIGHTENS ON YOUR NECK!



YOU'RE A FIEND!

A VERY RICH FIEND, MY SWEET!



THIS IS THE KIND OF CROP I LIKE TO RAISE!



FAREWELL! HAVE A PLEASANT DEATH!

GOLLY! THE HOT SUN'S ALREADY SHRINKING THE ROPE!



IT'S... CHOKING... ME!

BUCK UP, KID!

IF THIS TYPE OF ROPE SHRINKS WHEN IT DRIES, IT MAY EXPAND WHEN IT GETS SOAKED!



RICK! DON'T!

IT'S A MIGHTY SLIM CHANCE, BUT HERE GOES!



I HAVE TO WORK FAST NOW! LOOSE BONDS WON'T HELP A DROWNED MAN!



HIS LUNGS BURSTING, RICK STRAINS AT HIS BONDS!

HURRAY!
THEY'RE
LOOSENING!



A MOMENT LATER, HE BREAKS FREE!

BE RIGHT
WITH YOU,
LAURA!



OSTRICHES ARE
GOOD RACERS, AREN'T
THEY?

SUPERB! THEY
CAN OUTPACE
A HORSE!



THANK
HEAVENS! I
THOUGHT YOU
WERE TAKING
THE FAST
WAY OUT!

ONLY
OUT OF
MY BONDS,
LAURA!



IF I CUT ACROSS
THE FIELDS I MAY
HEAD OFF GILDER!

YOU'LL
NEVER
MAKE IT
ON FOOT!



GIDDY-UP,
OSTRICH! SEE
IF YOU CAN
OUTPACE THE
TERROR!

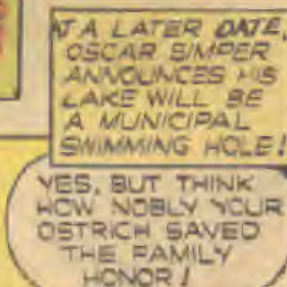
RICHARDS!
THAT'S MY
PRIZE PET!



RICK DASHES
ACROSS THE ESTATE ON THE LONG-LEGGED
BIRD!

WHEE! WHAT
SPEED! AND I'M
ON A CUSHION
OF FEATHERS!





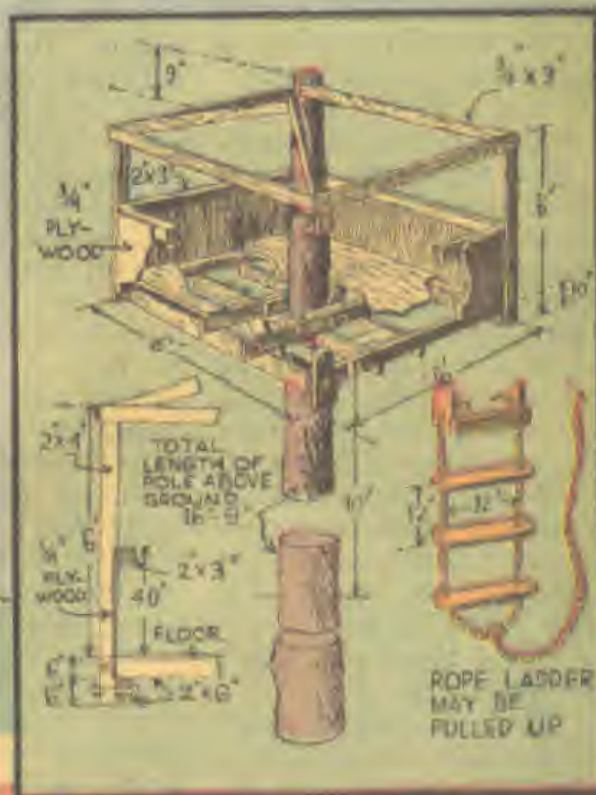
Edison Bell



QUESTION May 10. Little Eva is a character in what famous book?

BUILD THIS TREE HUT

ATOP A STURDY POLE, THIS TREE HUT GIVES YOU ALL THE THRILLS OF A REAL JUNGLE HIDEAWAY... YOU CLIMB IN THROUGH A TRAP DOOR IN THE FLOOR AND YOU PULL THE ROPE LADDER UP BEHIND YOU!!



No. A boarding party is a naval detail ordered to board an enemy vessel.

NEW YORK
No. 12



RED DANGER



"GIVE him that left, Mick," the kids were shouting. And Mickey O'Connors, as though to accommodate them, snaked out a left that jarred Slim Little to the canvas. Mick danced to his corner panting, a slight smile on his face.

"Well, who's next?" he asked, stretching the ropes.

But apparently no one cared to take any more punishment from that fast left Mickey had a way of exploding in your face. At least no one made a move to climb in with him. It was at this moment that Jim Ross came along. Jim lived in the near-by town of Stanwyck in the winter and worked at Laughing Loon Camp during the summer, helping the counselor and doing odd jobs to pay his way.

"What about you, Jim?" the kids called.

"Yeah, how about you?" Mickey said, with an undertone that was not friendly. Deep inside he feared this quiet country kid who was always so easygoing and calm. Mickey was from the city and had arrived at the camp the week before. He was fast and clever with his fists. In some way, though, had blood had come between Jim and Mickey from the start.

"I don't think I'd better,"

Jim said, smiling easily. "I've got to get over to the kitchen and help out with mess."

"Yellow?" Mickey called after him.

Jim stopped short and the kids saw him clench his fists tightly. Then, he relaxed with that easy smile again.

"No," he said, "I'm not yellow." He turned and went toward the cook house in back of the mess hall.

Somehow, the kids felt he had let them down. They looked up to Jim and all of them liked him. Now they felt hurt.

After mess Jim was cleaning up in the kitchen when he heard the drone of a plane overhead. He listened intently for a moment and when he heard the motor cut, he knew it was Buzz Tilton, the forest ranger from the station on top of Old Smokey. He dashed out of the kitchen. This meant something was up. Outside he stopped in stark terror, his whole body tingling. The smell of smoke, the most terrible smell of all in a dry forest, was strong in the air.

Buzz Tilton was taxiing the two-seater amphibian alongside the wharf when Jim got down to the lake. Most of the other kids were there ahead of him.

"Hi, Jim," Buzz called. He knew Jim well. Often

in the winter they went skiing together on the slopes of Old Smokey. "Where's the counselor?"

"He's in town," Jim said, as Buzz cut the motor and the prop wheezed to a stop. "Where'd the fire break out?"

"On the north side of the Diamond River, in two places," Buzz said. "Wind's sweeping her this way like a holy terror. Get everyone accounted for and hit for town."

He waited while Jim made the roll call. Suddenly, Jim stopped.

"Where's Mickey and Slim Little," he asked, alarmed.

Then someone remembered. They had left for Eagle Bluff a few hours before to search for Indian relics. Jim went white. Eagle Bluff was part of Old Smokey and lay between Loon Lake and the Diamond River.

"They were told not to go in the woods until we had a rain," Jim said.

"That's a bad place to be right now," Buzz said. "The fire will cut them off."

Jim thought quickly.

"There's one chance, Buzz," he said. "You remember that ski trail that cuts down on the east side to the Diamond? They could make it out on that."

Buzz shook his head.

"They won't know enough about the woods, Jim, to take it. If you were with them, it would be okay."

"I'll be with them, because you're going to drop me on Eagle Bluff," Jim said evenly. Turning, he said: "You kids save what you can and hit for town."

In another ten minutes they were over Eagle Bluff, a long, flat plateau halfway up Old Smokey. They had a good picture of the scene below them. The fire had practically surrounded the bluff. For a long moment, Jim saw Mickey and Slim waving frantically up at them, and then they were lost in the haze of smoke that was curling high in the sky.

The plane veered. Jim jumped and fell swiftly away from the open cockpit. He counted a long "ten" and felt the shock of the chute as it sucked in the air above him. Then he began to float down easily toward the plateau. That is, he thought he was floating easily, until he saw the ground coming up to meet him. In a matter of seconds, he hit the rocky top—hard.

Mickey was shaking him when he came to, and Slim Little had a wet rag on his face.

"I'm all right," Jim said. But when he tried to stand up he fell back again weakly. His ankle hung loosely and he had no control over it. A terrible fear clutched at him. He could never make it down the trail now before the fire caught them.

"Take that ski trail down to the Diamond and hit the

water," he said to the others. "It's your only chance. I'll stick it out here at the spring. I'll be okay."

Mickey looked down at him and his eyes were kind of wet. It might have been from the smoke.

"Jim, to think I called you yellow this morning. Why, you big lunkhead, we aren't moving two feet unless you come with us."

Jim passed out then from the pain in his foot, and when he came to again he found that Mickey and Slim had carried him to the beginning of the ski trail. It was about twenty feet wide and sloped down below them for a mile or so. They gasped with horror, for they saw the fire had cut them off. It was blazing on both sides of the trail.

It was then Jim thought of the ski tow. A slight chance, but better than nothing. He sent Mickey up to the ski shack for a pulley and a stretch of cable. Inside of a few minutes, under Jim's instructions, they had fashioned a crude swing to hold the three of them. Slim held the ski tow cable down while Mickey set the pulley on it.

"Take strips of the chute and wet them with your canteen water to cover your faces," Jim shouted, over the roar of the flames. Then again, he smiled easily. "This is going to be the hottest ride you guys ever took."

With their faces covered they sped swiftly through the first stretch of fire. The flames tugged at them and in some places the fire nearly spanned the trail, but the

pulley held and they rolled along gathering speed. Now and again they heard the anguished cry of a wild animal trapped somewhere below them. Once, when Jim dared to lift the chute silk from his face, he saw a deer bounding ahead of them, straight into the flames. He closed his eyes quickly at the horrible sight.

They reached the Diamond and coasted to a stop on the long, straight stretch of cable. Their faces were black and sore from many little burns, but none was serious. The fire was behind now, but was still driving towards them. Finding a log, they left the cable and waded into the water. The smoke was still heavy around them and they felt that their lungs would split with the pain. But, by holding onto the log and keeping their faces near the surface of the water, they managed to breathe easier.

Still clutching on to their log, they steered it to the shore line near Highway 16. Mickey and Slim helped Jim ashore and they all laid on the grass, sucking fresh air into their lungs.

"To think I called you yellow," Mickey was saying again, when they could breathe easier.

"Don't let it get you, Mickey," Jim said, nursing his ankle. "I'll put on the gloves with you when this foot gets well. But don't hold it against me if you take a beating."

Mickey was laughing. "From you," he said, "I can take it."

The End.

Sergeant Spook



Art by
DAN RICO



QUESTION No. 11 To what religious society do Quakers belong?



They are members of the Society of Friends. A



WHAT'S THIS
ALL ABOUT... ARE
YOU BREAKING
INTO SHOW
BUSINESS?

SPOOK, PICK-
POCKETS ARE
OPERATING IN
THIS CROWD...
AND THEY'RE
WORKING WITH
THE STRONG-
MAN! I TRAILED
'EM HERE!

HO!HO! THAT'S A
GAME TWO CAN PLAY!
JUST POINT THEM
OUT TO ME,
JERRY!

WHAT
ARE YOU
UP TO,
SPOOK?



A moment later, Jerry finds out...
PICKING PICKPOCKETS' POCKETS!
WHAT A TONGUE TWISTER!

THERE'S THE
OTHER ONE,
SPOOK!



OH-OH!
THIS ONE'S
STUCK!

HEY!



HELP!
I'VE BEEN
ROBBED!

?



YOU! YOU
ROBBED ME!
YOU CHEAP,
LOW-DOWN
DIP!

WHADAYA
MEAN?...HEY!
I'VE BEEN
ROBBED, TOO!
HELP!





BUT JERRY RESTORES ORDER



Meanwhile, Spook does a little investigating on his own.







BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN

RACING ACROSS SOUTH AMERICAN PAMPAS IN PURSUIT OF SENORITA VIVA AND HERR BLUDDEL, POSSESSORS OF THE KEY TO A NEW NAZI GROUP, BLUE BOLT TEACHES THE GAUCHOS A FEW WESTERN TRICKS!

ILLUSTRATED BY
JACK VARNILLA

BLUE BOLT RETURNS FROM A BATTLE WITH VON BUTZ, HEAD OF THE NAZI GROUP, AND FINDS SNAP DOODLE HAS BEEN OVERPOWERED BY VIVA AND BLUDDEL, WHO HAVE FLED WITH THE LIST OF GROUP MEMBERS...

VON BUTZ IS DEAD, SNAP.

WISH I WAS TOO! IMAGINE BEING TRICKED BY THAT DAME!

THAT LIST IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN SENORITA VIVA! WITH IT WE COULD FIND AND ARREST THOSE WOULD-BE RATS BEFORE THEY DO ANY MISCHIEF!

BLUE BOLT

IF WE DON'T GET THAT LIST TROUBLE WILL START POPPING ALL OVER SOUTH AMERICA!



AFTER THEY SLUGGED ME I HEARD...IT'S KINDA FUZZY IN MY MIND... VIVA TALKING ABOUT SOME HIDEOUT!



GREAT! WHERE IS IT?

I DUNNO! CAN'T REMEMBER! MY HEAD HURTS!

TRY HARD, SNAP! YOU MUST THINK OF IT!



MIND IF I RELAX?

WHERE WAS IT? RIO? PERU? CHILE? WAS IT A BIG CITY? SMALL?



STOP! YOU'RE CONFUSING ME! I GOTTA RELAX! LET IT COME TO ME NATURAL!

O MY GOSH!



BLUE BOLT WAITS...AND WAITS...AND WAITS...

FUNNY, BUT ALL I CAN THINK OF IS LANA TURNER...AH, ME!

FOR PETE'S SAKE! I'M TIRED OF WATCHING YOU RAMPER YOURSELF!



RAMPER...RAMRAS! THAT'S IT! THANKS FOR THE HINT, OLD BOY! I GOT IT!



QUESTION: Were the Incas natives of the country now called Peru?



AFTER HOURS OF FLIGHT...



KEEN EYES SPOT THEIR LANDING!



WE CAN SLIP THROUGH THIS WHEAT FIELD TOWARD THE HOUSE WITHOUT BEING SEEN!

A MOMENT LATER...

THE YANKEES ARE GONE!

SEARCH FOR THEM! SHOOT IF NECESSARY!

UHP!

GEE! WHAT'S THAT GUY PLAYING WITH?

THAT'S A BOLA!...AND IT'S NO TOY! GAUCHOS USE 'EM INSTEAD OF LARIATS!

THEY CREEP TOWARD THE RANCH HOUSE, AND SOON...

THERE SHE IS! AND SHE HAS THE LIST!...SEEMS TO BE MAKING A COPY OF IT FOR THAT FAT GUY.

WE'VE GOT TO CLEAN OUT THIS RAT'S NEST...BUT HOW?

WE'VE GOT NO WEAPONS AND...SAY! LOOKA THIS!

O BOY! IT'S A BOLA! WE CAN USE THIS!

CAREFUL! THEY'RE TRICKY THINGS FOR A GREENHORN!

SHUCKS! NOTHING TO IT! WATCH!

LOOK OUT!

SNAP KAYCES BLUE BOLT WITH THE BOLA...

...AND HOPELESSLY SNARLS HIMSELF IN IT!



AWK!

MEANWHILE...

GOOD! NOW WE BOTH HAVE LISTS! BLUDEL AND I MUST LEAVE TO CONTACT THE OTHERS!

DOOO... MY POOR ACHIN' HEAD!

AH! OUR PLANE IS WAITING! THOSE FOOL YANKEES ARE DOOMED.

HURRY! GET ME OUTA THIS! VIVA AND BLUDEL ARE FLYIN' AWAY! AND THE FAT GUYS GOT A LIST NOW, TOO!

GOSH!



NO TIME FOR FANCY PLANS! JUST PRAY THAT I CAN USE A BOLA BETTER THAN YOU!



GOOD THROW!

GET THE LIST, SNAP! I'M GOING AFTER THE OTHERS!

GAUCHOS! HELP!

Yes. A bola is a large Philippine single-edged knife. 12

SENOR FATO'S MEN ATTACK!



BLUE BOLT RUNS THE GANTLET OF GAUCHOS!



AS BLUE BOLT ZOOMS UP IN PURSUIT, SENORITA VIVA GETS PANICKY!



BLUDEL'S WARNING IS TOO LATE! SUDDENLY..



KRISKO AND JASPER

THEM TWO CRACKED CRACKER JACK MOVERS FIND THEY'D RATHER TAKE ON ANY OTHER CARGO BUT AN ORDINARY AMERICAN FAMILY, WHEN THEY TRY "MOVING JOHNNY Q. SMITH"!



WHO SAID THIS WAS AN AVERAGE JOB!

AIN'T NOTHIN' AVERAGE ABOUT IT, 'CEPT OUR USUAL DUMB MISTAKES.

HERE THEY ARE, LOOKING MIGHTY AT THIS MORNIN'—

WOT'S FUNNY 'BOUT IT? IT'S AN ORDINURRY NAME---

JOHNNY Q. SMITH-- THAT'S A FUNNY NAME---



ART BY
JACK J. WARDEN

THAT'S WOT I MEAN! IT'S SO ORDINURRY, IT'S FUNNY!

GUESS SO! ANYWAY IT'S A ROUTINE CROSSTOWN HAUL HE WANTS--NOTHIN' EASIER!

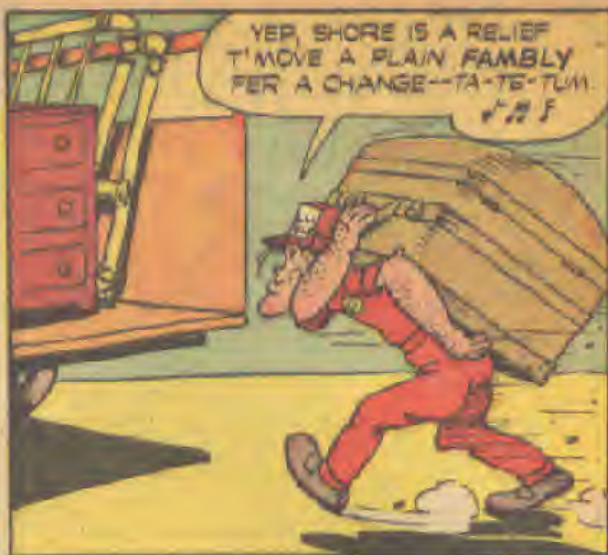
RATTLE-BANG! WHAM!

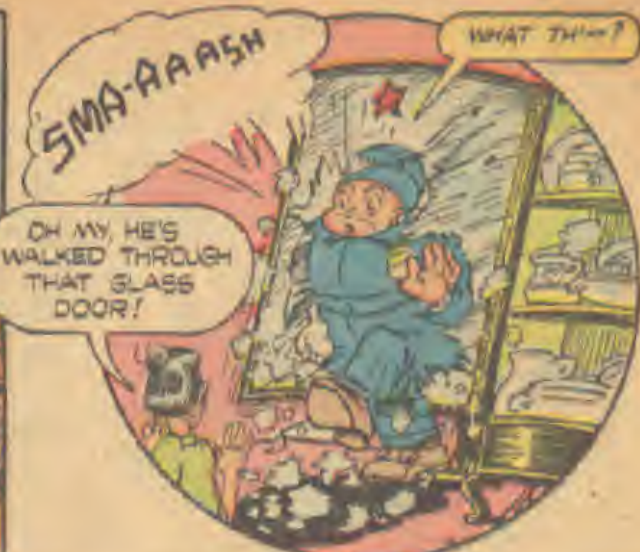
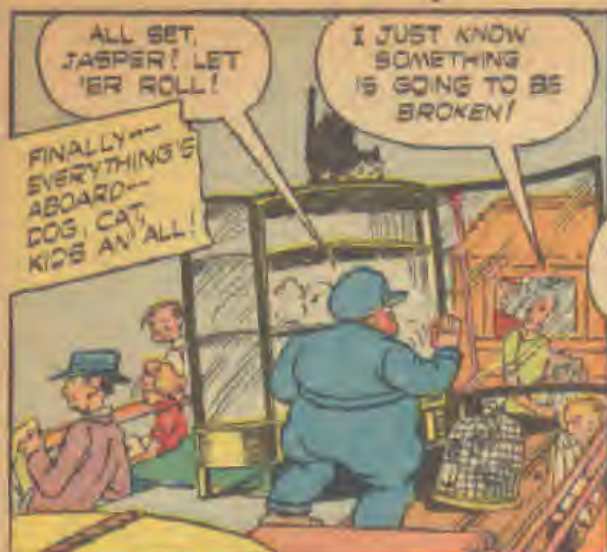
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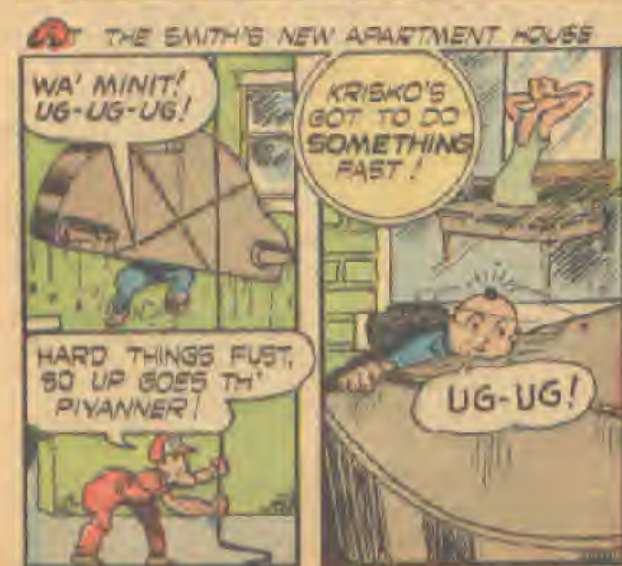
BLUE BOLT

KRISKO & JASPER
WE MOVE ANYTHING
ANYWHERE ANYTIME

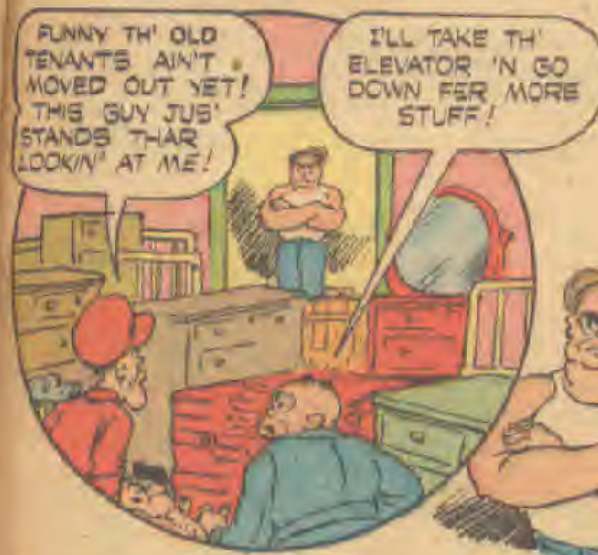
BLUE BOLT







Q QUESTIONS No. 19 Who wrote the play, "Private Lives"?



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